[illegible], with me,
[illegible] as the sea!
winds ride,
[illegible] billowy pride.

[illegible]arrow for thee;
[illegible]s so boundless and free!
[illegible]ot checked till the prairie and

[illegible]ding, commingle their dies
[illegible] the meadow-fields fearlessly play;
[illegible]chase, lovely maiden away!
[illegible]nd to thy courser, the season is near!
[illegible] to the tramp of the fleet-footed deer.

[illegible]nland exult in her dogs and her chase:
[illegible]'s a king's park to this limitless space!
[illegible] fences to leap, and no thickets to turn—
[illegible]rowness to incur—no furrows to spurn.

[illegible] thine on the carpeted hall,
[illegible]light foot of the coursers to fall;
[illegible]atted grass no impression receives,
[illegible]hoofs bound aloft from the leaves.

[illegible] prairie!—the eagle is there;
[illegible] wheels in the cloud-specked air:
[illegible] hiding her delicate young,
[illegible]en hushes her beautiful song.

[illegible] prairie, sweet maiden, with me!
[illegible] the prairie-rose blossom for thee;
[illegible]he moon in the prairie-propp'd sky,
[illegible]-bird echoes the katy-did's cry.

Let Mexicans boast of their herds and their steeds:
The [illegible] prairie-hunter no shepherd-boy needs;
The [illegible]te clouds, overshadow the place,
And [illegible] spotted coursers invite to the chase.

The cl[illegible]ks at his turtle and fowls,
And sto[illegible]ckles over his fricassee growls:
We tra[illegible]e wild turkey; the rifle supplies
The f[illegible] the board, and the stomach to prize.

The [illegible] may boast of his grass and his grain:
He [illegible] them in labor, and reaps them in pain;
Pe[illegible] how the deep soil no exertion requires—
Enriched by the ashes, and cleared by the fires.

Then fly to the prairie in wonder, and gaze,
As we [illegible] over the grass the magnificent blaze;
The world cannot boast more romantic a sight—
A conflict of flaming and oceans of light!

The woodman delights in his trees and his shade:
But see there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
His flowers are faded, his blossoms are pale,
And [illegible]llow is riding his vapory gale.

Then fly to the prairie!—no bush to obscure,
No marsh to exhale and no ague to cure.
Transparent and fresh comes the grass-scented breeze,
Unchilled by the mountain—unbroken by trees.

Sublime from the north he descends in his wrath
And [illegible]ters the reeds in his snow-covered path;
Or, [illegible] with incense, steals in from the west,
And [illegible] from the prairie-rose fly to their nest.

Oh, [illegible] to the prairie! for freedom is there—
[illegible]e not that home with the torch of despair;
No wretch to entreat, and no lord to deny—
No gossip to slander—no neighbor to pry.

But [illegible]ng against there the heart's impulse to hide,
Love leaps [illegible]ke the fount from the crystal-rock side,
And [illegible]ong as its adamant, pure as its spring,
Wi[illegible]es wildly in sunbeams his rose-colored wing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

☞ We take the following article from the April number of the "Family Magazine." The piece has a beautiful embellishment, representing the "Pioneer" in his appropriate costume, with his axe in hand, surrounded by the "tall giants of the forest."

The Pioneer.

Did we wish to impersonate our young and growing republic by some graphic symbol by which its first and onward progress might be indicated, we could not choose one more appropriate than that furnished by the artist in our frontispiece. There stands the young and vigorous pioneer, buoyant with hope and high expectations of the future, stripped for the mighty contest between human strength and the giant forest-sons of nature. With his axe in hand he stands alone in the midst of the vast wilderness, far from the hallowed associations of youth and the charities of home and of neighborhood, prepared to prostrate the umbrageous forest and [illegible] the life-giving sunbeams to the exuberant bosom of mother earth. When first he left the teeming shores of the Atlantic, bearing upon his head a parent's blessing and within his heart the glow of pure patriotism, he saw not the dangers and difficulties he had to encounter. But when they arose threatening around him—when the flood disputed his progress—the towering mountain loomed up like a giant before him, and the redman of the forest watched his every movement with a jealous eye—then the moral courage of his nature expanded and strengthened, and his soul was elevated with the thoughts of that mighty conquest he was about to achieve. His axe was his trusty claymore, his young wife—his country's honor—universal freedom—these composed his oriflamme to encourage him in the heat of battle; and his cause was the cause of religion, humanity, truth, equity and freedom. With such a weapon, such a rallying standard, such a noble incitement, did the hardy pioneer wrestle with the gnarled oak and towering beech till they were overcome, and luxuriant [illegible] fields like a green oasis in the midst of the desert, gladdened his heart with the smiles of abundant prosperity. Where he had recently fought his victorious battle, a village uprose, a monumental trophy of his prowess; and from eastern lands—lands where his ancestors dwelt—the commercial marts upon the borders of the sea—he hears the echo of his song of triumph, and beholds a mighty tide of physical and intellectual strength flowing on in his track, to populate, beautify and enrich the domain he has conquered, and to rear and foster there other pioneers to push farther onward toward the sands of the great Pacific.

Such has been the onward progress of our country. But little more than two hundred years have elapsed since the first permanent colony from Great Britain landed upon the snow-clad rock of Plymouth, to co-operate with others who had erected a few altars along the more southern regions of the Atlantic shore. Like the young pioneer, they came from home with the blessings of millions of their countrymen upon their heads, the fire of patriotism and religious zeal warming their hearts, while upon their foreheads they wore a broad phylactery on which was inscribed from the sacred scriptures of freedom—

"Where Liberty dwells, there is my country."

The forest—the flood—the savage—all disputed their progress; but stout hands and stouter hearts—the encouraging voice of contemporaries and the beckoning hand of posterity—the righteousness of their cause and the bright reward that glittered upon the distant goal, all combined to make them look upon danger as unworthy of notice, and to inspire them with that courage which makes mountains dwindle into mole-hills when intercepting the progress of a mighty movement. As circle follows circle when a pebble is cast into the quiet lake, so did civilization extend its conquering influence from this little nucleus, until cities, and villages, and fields of grain spread out like a beauteous panorama, to the very base of the towering Alleganies. But there was one thing yet to be accomplished. The young pioneer felt his strength, and the new world he had developed presented a far better scope for his energies than the beaten track pursued by his ancestors. He felt that parental authority was a ruinous restraint, and compliance therewith to be incompatible with the necessary efforts for the accomplishment of his glorious designs; and he resolved to break the fetter. For a time he laid aside the axe and the plough and battled manfully for freedom. The contest was long and painful, but the star of his destiny lighted his path, the principles of right were the "cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night," and after seven long years of painful struggle, the eagle of victory perched upon his standard, and the British lion retreated, maimed and affrighted, to his lair.

Thus freed, our young republic opened wide its benevolent arms as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. It had changed the wilderness into a rich and inviting territory, and a vast flood of emigration poured its tributary waters into its bosom till the Alleganies no longer formed an obstructing dyke. Over their rough battlements this flood found its way, and through the vast and fertile valley of the Ohio irrigating streams of physical strength, intelligence and wealth flowed, spreading freshness and beauty wherever they penetrated. Year after year, new pioneers opened paths farther and farther into the wilderness, and formed new channels for the tide of emigration and population, till now the Mississippi—the father of floods—flows for hundreds of miles amid the fields and dwellings of a busy people. Now, when we speak of our country,—our domain—the term is vague and inconclusive. From the lagoons of Florida to the farthest verge of the great lakes—from Eastport to Astoria, our domain is extended, and our "little piece of striped bunting" is acknowledged and revered.

The time has been, and that but recently when the "far west" was our definite point of boundary. But now, where is it? St. Louis, but a few years since a town upon our western frontier has now become almost the centre of our union. Where, until recently, the wolf made his lair—a point more than a thousand miles from the sea—wharves are covered with the silks of India, the cutlery of Britain, and the fruits of the islands of Oceanica.

Follow the Missouri up even to the Yellow Stone, and the voices of friends and kindred greet you on every side. Nay, stand upon the crest of the Rocky mountains and view upon one side the spurs of the Alleganies, upon the other, the waters of the Pacific, and around you the vast expanse of mountain, prairie, river, city, village, and you are but looking upon "our country" — the mighty result of the pioneer's energy.

Such the past, such the present, but what is enshrouded in the dark vail of the future! We now present a family of freemen more than sixteen millions in number, bound to protect the teraphim of our fathers — TRUTH, LIBERTY and JUSTICE. To our care is entrusted the ark of that covenant which our fathers made with mankind when they framed the Declaration of Independence and enveloped it within the sacred folds of the Constitution. They placed it within the holy of holies of the tabernacle of American Liberty, and we are bound by a pledge that must not be broken, to transmit it to those who succeed us in our righteous warfare with principles inimical to human liberty. Ours is a country

"Where the men of a nation stand out to [illegible]
And tread where their farthes tain[illegible]

and we should feel it a sacred duty to guard well our altars from the pollution of sacrifices made by unholy ambition to party idols. We should foster education as one of the strongest bulwarks of our liberty, and use every effort to imbue our literature with a proper national feeling, such as arises from the habitual exercise of the pure principles of democracy—that spirit recognised by the Declaration of Independence. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' Let us, therefore, consider ourselves each a sentinel upon the watch-towers of freedom, and when asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" be able immediately to respond, "All is well!"

Self Education.

The Education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar: and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth that, if you aspire to excellence you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor which cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing yet remains to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right—*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*—both in morals and intellect. We give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen, gentlemen, that young men, who have had just the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rising to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, for very often that difference is in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes, from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet, you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness while on the other hand, you shall observe the *mediocre* plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining stedfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. *They* are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend at last on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And if this be asnred—I speak from observation *a certain truth: There is no excellence without great labor.* It is the *fiat* of Fate from which the power of genius cannot absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around the candle until it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which, like the condor of South America, perches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—those long reaches of thought that

Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.

This is the prowess and these the hardy achievements which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and courage for enterprises of this pith and moment? I will tell you; as Milo gained that *hoc signo vinces:* for this *must* be *your* work, not that of your *teachers.* Be you not wanting to yourselves, and you will accomplish all that your parents, friends and country, have a right to expect.—*William Wirt.*

Dr. Franklin's Wife.

FRANKLIN, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing the first piece of luxury.

It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for making paper, etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest sort. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time, bread and milk, (no tea,) and I eat it out of a two-penny porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her husband deserved* a silver spoon and a china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A Theatrical Auctioneer.

A young wag who had made "going, going," his profession—a great favorite among knights of the buskin, and all good fellows, besides being a chosen favorite among the ladies, was once mounted, hammer in hand, selling a piece of furniture. He was well conversant with all the best dramatic productions of the day, and among the rest the Hunchback, then the rage in Boston, where the joke occurred. Fanny Kemble was at the time delighting the town with her "*Julia*," and every body was well acquainted with the celebrated lines—

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me!"
"O, Clifford, is it you!" &c.

which are ranked among the favorite points of the play.

"Going, going—*last* call—fifty-two—any more? fifty-three, thank you, sir—fifty-three dollars—any more? fifty-three—go on, gentlemen—fifty-three dollars—going at fifty-three dollars—last call—once twice—any more? gone! Who was it?" There was a pause, and nobody answered. "Who is it? who bid fifty-three? "Fifty-two was my bid," said some one. "Who bid fifty-three? some one said fifty-three, who was it? Who bid fifty-three?"

"Clifford," said a voice near the door.

"*O, Clifford, is it you?*" exclaimed the auctioneer, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands *ala Fanny Kemble.* The joke was irresistible—every body recognised it, and catching the spirit of the thing, the audience followed up an ecstacy of laughter with three rounds of applause, while the auctioneer deliberately drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose in burlesque imitation of Miss Fanny. "Clifford, did you say, sir? Clifford?" said the auctioneer, when the merriment had a little subsided; "Is it cash, sir?" Clifford, the purchaser, it seems, was a bashful person, unacquainted with theatrical things, and had become somewhat alarmed at the unaccountable good humor of the crowd, so that he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of fun. "Is it cash, sir?" again inquired the auctioneer.

All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as if he felt that his mother might be anxious about him, but still he made no answer. The merry auctioneer would rather lose his customer than his joke, and he suddenly exclaimed, still imitating the firey-eyed Fanny,

"Clifford! why don't you speak to me!"

The assembly now fairly screamed with laughter, and, amid an uproarious burst of applause, Clifford made a burst for the door, and escaped.

Shakspeare's Happiness.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches—these, as they sank into the depth of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with undiminished serenity and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manner, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe, in the Duke of "Measure for Measure." In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In "Hamlet," this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful corruscations amidst feigned gaity and extravagance. In "Lear" it is the flash of sudden inspirations across the incongruous imagery of madness; in "Timon" it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period; "As you Like It" being usually referred to 1600, "Hamlet," in its altered form, to about 1602, "Timon" to the same year, "Measure for Measure" to 1603, and "Lear" to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially "Macbeth," and in the "Tempest," much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.—*Hallam's Literature.*

American Farmers.

There is one class of men on whom we can yet rely. It is the same class that stood on the little green at Lexington, that gathered on the heights of Bunker Hill and poured down from the hills of New England, and who were the life blood of the nation. I mean the farmers. They were never found trampling upon law and right. Were I to commit my character to any class of men let it be the farmers. They are a class of men such as the world never saw for honesty, intel-

ligence and Roman virtue, sweetened by the gospel of God. And when this nation quarrels, they and their sons are those that will stand by the shee. anchor of our liberties and hold the ship at her mooring till she outrides the storm.—*Paulding.*

Going through the Mill.

The following "*Coon Story*" has started upon the grand tour of the Union. We pass it along for the benefit of our Texian neighbors:—N. O. Pic.

A Yankee who migrated some twenty years since to Illinois, devised the following ingenious substitute for a grist mill. At the foot of a fall in a small stream, he drove down a crotched stick, leaving about four feet above the ground. In the crotch of a stick he placed another horizontally about 8 feet long, to one end of which he had fixed a pestal, and on the other a bucket. The water from the fall filled the bucket, carrying that down, and raising the pestle. Near the ground he had driven a peg, upon which one side of the bucket would strike, capsize and empty itself, letting the pestle fall into a large Indian mortar, containing the corn. In that way he ground all the corn he used. One day on returning from his work to his mortar, he found an addition to the stock he put there, in the shape of a raccoon, which was pounded up, hide, hair and bones, with the corn, to a similitude in consistency with work-house soup, The coon not observing anything to interfere with his intentions in reference to the corn, or not understanding the unintermitting operation of machinery put in motion by a natural agent, perched himself on the mortar, meditating a delicious luncheon upon the provender so providentially fell in with, when the pestle, in the even tenor of its vibration, put an end to his meditations, by knocking him on the cranium, illustrating in a singular manner, the uncertainty of all earthly calculations.

Wit of the Olden Times.

We find the following in the Boston Post:

Sylvester challenged Johnson to match a couplet of his rhymes that runs somewhat thus:

"I, John Sylvester,
Hugged your sister."

To which Johnson immediately responded—

"I, Ben Johnson,
Hugged your *wife*."

"But," says Sylvester, rather chagrined at the turn, "that is not *rhyme*." "No," retorted Ben Johnson, "but it is *true*."

The Millenium Man Cornered.

The Rev. M. Miller, who has been propheeying to the "Down-Easters" that the world is coming to a termination in 1843, to a certainty, was lately in want of funds to defray the expense of publishing his book, and applied to a gentleman for a loan. The gentleman agreed to lend him the money, provided Miller would give him in return a deed of a farm which Miller owns, the deed to take effect in 1845, two years after the time Mr. M. marks out for the final destruction of all the farms on the face of the earth; but Mr. Miller refused to give this deed in exchange for $50 cash, which shows that there is some hope that Mr. M. is a little out in his calculation.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Names of Newspapers.

We yesterday copied an account of an accident in the interior, from the Marietta *Ant.* Now there is no accounting for taste; but it strikes us that the person who selected that title must have been extremely pressed for a name, before he sought the arcana of entomology. He ought to have gone higher into the animal kingdom, land or marine. Why not have called his journal the United States Lion, and Marietta Terrapin? Or the Pennsylvania Coon? or some such high sounding and popular name? We fear, too, that some rival will misapprehend the title, and take it to express no more than a public compliment to a female relative—and so come out with an opposition sheet, which he will call the Marietta *Uncle.*—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Mustaches.

Victoria, the young Queen, has ordered all the British cavalry to cultivate and wear mustaches forthwith. She gives no reason, but it is well understood that the order has gone forth because her dear Prince Albert wears them. Suppose she had ordered, while she was about it, that they must all be dyed a fox color, like unto Albert's, the cavalry would have been compelled to obey. The Philadelphia Ledger man thinks that if Prince Albert's legs had been bandy, her majesty might have required the legs of her soldiers to be steamed and bent, like ship timber. So much for being under curtain government.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Potato Glue.

Take a pound of potatoes, peel them, and boil them, pound them while they are hot in three or four pounds of boiling water; then pass them through a hair sieve; afterwards add to them two pounds of good chalk, very finely powdered, previously mixed with four pounds of water, and stir them both together.—The result will be a species of glue, or starch, capable of receiving every sort of coloring matter, even of powdered charcoal, of brick, or lamp black, which may be employed as an economical means of painting door posts, wainscotings and other parts of buildings exposed to the action of the air.